

WE DRINK A LOT WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER

Happy to see each other, falling in
love, I think, we drink good stuff,
Beaulieu Beaufort chardonnay, so good
the cork smells sweet as a peach pit.
He pours, we clink wine glasses,
laugh at each other's jokes, sip,
and touch incessantly, as if we're
buying each other, his finger between
my cleavage, my palm on his corduroyed
cock, getting high, making me feel like
a powdered courtesan in Louis' court,
irresistible as Maugham's tart who won
Philip's heart, until the chardonnay
buzz, like a doorbell, summons us
to his bedroom where his Hopper prints
look down at his mattress, I, on the
mattress, look up at his fur, his
fuckability, chug more chardonnay,
then place my wine glass on the floor,
roll over to greet him, arch up for him,
lips parched for him.

Tomorrow will bring the hangover,
the reckoning of the hair of the dog,
that only tasting him, having him,
the hair of that man,
will make me well.

— Joan Jobe Smith

Fountain Valley CA